BOYS' AND GIRLS' PAGE.

LEXY'S LESSONS.

The next time old Lexy came to the school he stood in the playground for a space, watching the children's games and listening to their talk.

"I was much interested in your play," he began, "and was glad to see that you played the same old games that I played when I was a boy and that my father told me he played. There is nothing so old as games, and I wonder if you ever stopped to think of the reason you do certain things in a game, and will allow things in a game that you would not tolerate elsewhere.

"When I saw you a while ago you were running from one post to another, and if you could touch wood you were safe. Why should wood be the symbol of safety and not stone or iron?

"From the earliest times people have believed in symbols to represent certain things or qualities. The ancients put butterflies on their tombstones to represent the reappearance of the dead in another form. We put a pair of scales over the court house door to represent justice, and we have an old man with a scythe for Father Time, and so on with many other things, each of which we have grown to regard as a symbol of some particular thing."

When old Lexy stopped to wipe his glasses the children knew he was going to write something on the blackboard, and they all wondered what it would be this time.

"I am going to write down a few of the things that are represented or symbolized by certain familiar objects, or by birds or animals," he explained, turning to the blackboard, which presently looked like this:

THE THING.	THE SYMBOL.
1. Anarchy	
2. Bondage	
3. Firmness	
4. Fruitfulness	
5. Gentleness	
6. Greed	
7. Industry	
8. Knowledge	
9. Patience	
10. Peace	
11. Praise	
12. Purity	
13. Sacrifice.	
14 Stubbornness	
15. Strength	
16. Time	
17. Trials	
18. Wisdom	

How many of these do you know?

Write out the names of those that you are familiar with, or can find out about by looking them up, and send them to the Boys' and Girls' Page and let us see which boy or girl can get the greatest number correctly.

THE DISENCHANTING OF GENEVIEVE

Curled up in the big easy chair beside the fireplace Elsie frowned and bit the end of her pencil.

"Why didn't teacher tell us what to write about," she sighed, "'stead of saying, 'This time you may choose any subject you like?' I never knew it would be so hard to make up a story."

CURLED UP IN HER EASY CHAIR.

She sighed again and looked at her paper. After an hour's hard thinking this was as far as she had been able to get:

"It was a lovely spring day, and Genevieve Smith, the rich banker's beautiful daughter, thought she would go for a walk. So she took her new pink silk parasol and started out."

Now the problem was, what should happen to Genevieve? "How stupid I was not to let her go for a drive!" thought Elsie. "Then her fiery steed could run away and the fair maid, fainting for fear, could be rescued by a charming prince who would say: 'Be mine, dearest!' But nothing ever happens to people when they go walking," sighed Elsie again.

Should she change the sentence and have Genevieve go for a drive instead? No, that would be giving up the problem at the beginning. Elsie suddenly threw down pencil and paper, tied on her hat, nodded good-by to her haughty doll, Genevieve, after whom she had named her heroine, and ran out of the house determined to find out what adventures came to people who went for a walk.

She hurried down the street and turned the corner so quickly that she ran into a little girl of her own age who was mincing along, holding a pink silk parasol and swishing her skirts from side to side.

"O-oh!" gasped Elsie. "Seems to me I know you."

The little girl smiled politely.

"I am Genevieve Smith, the rich banker's beautiful daughter," she said, "and I am taking a walk this beautiful spring day."

Elsie gasped again.

"Why, I was writing about you just now!" she said. "Will you let me go with you and see what happens?"

"I am going to call on my godmother, Fairy Kind Heart," said Genevieve, as they fell into step. "I have always felt that I was enchanted in my infancy, and I am going to ask my godmother to disenchant me."

"How very interesting!" cried Elsie. "Who or what do you s'pose you were before you were enchanted, and who did it, do you think?"

Genevieve dabbed her eyes with her lace handkerchief.

"Alas, I cannot tell," she said. "But godmother will know. It is very distinguished to be enchanted."

Elsie looked at her with great respect, which seemed to please the banker's daughter.

They walked on, talking of their homes, their friends and their occupations until Elsie suddenly noticed that they were in a long, narrow street which she did not remember to have seen before.

"My godmother lives here," said Genevieve, knocking at the door of a little house that stood close to the sidewalk.

But when the door was opened both girls started back in alarm. There stood a funny little dwarf smiling at them out of a wrinkled old face.

"Fairy Kind Heart has moved," he said before they had time to speak. "Her home is now at the top of the world."

"Oh, dear, dear, what shall I do now?" cried Genevieve. "We can never get there, and I don't know any one else to disenchant me."

The old dwarf looked interested.

"So that's the trouble?" he said. "Well, if you want to find the fairy go to the Wizard with Green Spectacles who lives at the end of Next Week, round the corner from Saturday Night. He can tell you how to reach her. But you must hurry, for the Wizard never gives information after 4 o'clock."

Elsie looked bewildered, but Genevieve, who seemed to know what the old dwarf meant, seized her hand and hurried her away. They ran up one street and down another until they came to a signboard: "Saturday Night, Junction of This Week and Next," and they entered upon a broad avenue shaded with trees where handsome houses were standing, with children playing quietly on the lawns and everything looking very neat and clean.

"I'm glad I know now what Next Week looks like," said Elsie. "At home we are always getting there and never coming to it."

She looked back at a girl who greatly resembled herself and who was sitting reading on the piazza, not romping and tearing her skirts as Elsie herself did.

"P'raps next week I can be like that," sighed Elsie.

Genevieve turned up her nose at the well behaved children. "Stupid things, always so clean and good, not even a quarrel to make things lively," she said.

At the end of the street they came to a queer little hut, and there seated on a stool before his tumbled down door was the Wizard with Green Spectacles. He sat all hunched up poring over a huge book andElsie thought he looked dreadfully like a spider, but he peered at them kindly and said they were in plenty of time.

Genevieve poured out her story, demanding to know how to find her fairy godmother. The little Wizard looked bewildered.

"Let me see," said he slowly. "You want me to tell how to reach the home of Fairy Kind Heart, who lives at the top of the world, is that it?"

"That's what I said," replied Genevieve pertly.

Elsie was shocked at her rudeness, but the little Wizard did not seem to notice it.

"The best way for you," he said, "is up the Hill of Steepness yonder. Of course through my cottage is the shortest road, but you cannot go that way yet."

"And why not, sir?" asked Elsie.

"No one may pass the End of Next Week until the fairies give him wings," he answered gravely. "There is a deep valley there into which a foot passenger would fall, for there is no bridge across. But by perseverance you can climb the hill."

So saying he opened his book and was lost in it once more, though Elsie called "Good-by" after her as they turned to go.

"Wings! Nonsense!" pouted Genevieve. "He was just too lazy to open the door for us."

But Elsie dragged her toward the hill, for the sun was setting rapidly.

A tiny path wound up the Hill of Steepness, and with many a push and pull given by Elsie to the grumbling Genevieve they started up. It was hard climbing, for the steep path was slippery with pebbles, but every time Elsie looked up toward the sunset glow which seemed to wrap the hilltop she found the way grew easier.

It took much coaxing and many pulls and pushes to get the scolding banker's daughter up the hill, but they reached the top at last. There, seated on an ivory chair, gazing thoughtfully toward the sunset, was a beautiful woman. Around her flew hundreds of birds, butterflies and brilliant insects, and rays of light streamed from the crown she wore. As the children came up she smiled and stretched out her hands to them.

"It was very good of you to come and see me, Elsie," she said to the little girl's surprise. "Well, Goddaughter, what can I do for you?"

"Why do you live in such a horrible place, Godmother?" cried Genevieve. "See, my clothes are torn to rags, my parasol is a wreck, and I am a mass of bruises, all from climbing this hill."

Elsie looked down at her own torn dress and smarting hands, which she had quite forgotten in gazing at the lovely lady. The fairy smiled and waved her hand. Instantly the hurt places on hands and feet were well again and their dresses whole; even Genevieve's parasol was uninjured.

"So you think you have been enchanted, Genevieve?" asked the fairy. "You are right, and if you wish the spell undone it shall be so as soon as Elsie reaches home."

"Oh, thank you, dear Godmother!" cried Genevieve delightedly, for now that her object was gained, she did not regret the journey.

"And you, Elsie, what shall I give you for your climb?"

"Let me see you again—and often," said Elsie.

The fairy looked pleased.

"It shall be so, whenever you have done a kind, unselfish deed," she said. "Now I will send you both back a short way, not through the Wizard's cottage, but another road."

She passed her hand across their faces. Elsie felt herself falling. She heard Genevieve scream—then she sat up and rubbed her eyes. There in the Morris chair opposite sat Genevieve the doll, with a scornful smile on her painted lips.

"Was it only you, dear? Were you enchanted to a little girl and disenchanted back again to a doll?"

"I AM GENEVIEVE SMITH, THE RICH BANKER'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER."

Genevieve looked embarrassed, but of course made no reply, so after puzzling over the whole matter for some time Elsie sat down and wrote it all out.

The teacher read the composition in the class and said it showed great imagination. Elsie was worried for a while, for of course it was a real adventure, and besides she often thought she saw the fairy again, so that proves it couldn't have been a dream, as her mother believed. Now, what do you think?

THE MARRIAGE OF THE ROSES.

One day a bee was buzzing from flower to flower in a garden when a big red rose said to him, "Do you expect to visit the white rose to-day?"

"Yes," answered the bee; "can I do anything for you?"

"I should like you to tell her I send my love to her," said the red rose.

"Yes, indeed, I will tell her," replied the bee; "I have made a great many matches in this garden."

"Oh! I am afraid I never shall win her," said the red rose; "she is so cold and stately looking."

"Leave it to me," said the bee; "I can find the heart of any flower."

So away he flew to the white rose.

"Good morning, you are very sweet," he said, as he sipped the honey. "I know of some one who thinks you the sweetest flower in the garden." The white rose blushed a faint pink and turned her head.

"Don't you care to know who it is?" buzzed the bee.

"Oh, I suppose it is that horrid Holly Hock," said the naughty little rose, knowing quite well who it was that loved her. The bee buzzed closer and said: "The red rose sent his love," and then he flew off a little way.

White rose tossed her head from side to side, trying to hide her blushes and smiles. The bee buzzed back and said, "I'll tell him you send yours to him," and he flew away a short distance.

"Oh, please come back," cried the trembling white rose. The bee flew back.

"I do not send such a message," she said. "My love is not so lightly given."

"Very well, I'll tell him you do not love him," buzzed the bee, and away he flew.

"Oh, no, no," she cried, "come back, come back."

The bee flew back to her. "Well," he said, "what is it, have you changed your mind and want me to tell him you do love him?"

But the white rose would not say. "If you do not want me to tell him you do not love him, then you must love him. Which is it? I have work to do, and this is your last chance; I shall not come back again. He loves you; shall I tell him you do not love him?"

The silly rose hung her head. "Give him my love," she said faintly. Away flew the bee as fast as ever he could go. "She will change her mind if I do not hurry," he said. Red rose was watching for him.

"She loves you," buzzed the bee. "I told you I could find out what was in her heart."

"Then we will be married," said the red rose.

The wedding took place one morning when the dew was on the flowers and the sun was shining its first rays. The lilies of the valley were the bridesmaids, and a tall, stately lily was matron of honor. Jack in the Pulpit performed the ceremony, and the daintiest little rosebud was flower girl. The tiger lilies were the ushers. The morning glories were up bright and early and stayed awake longer than usual. And all the flowers had on their prettiest dresses.

The bee was the first one to offer congratulations after the ceremony. The modest little violet cast a sly glance at the bride and bridegroom and sighed as she thought she very likely never would marry.

The bee buzzed around looking for another chance to make a match, for he was a very busy bee and wanted to make everybody happy, because they gave forth more sweetness for him to make honey from.

And this is the reason you see him buzzing from flower to flower—he is whispering love messages and bringing sweetness into the hearts of all the flowers to which he whispers.

SHIP DICTIONARY.

Probably a good many of the boys and girls that read THE SUN will be going to Europe this summer and they will expect to see a great many curious things on the way. Unfortunately for those who travel on the big steamers there is nothing to see on the ocean now because all the sailing ships have agreed to keep out of the way and let the big passenger boats have a lane, as they call it, of their own all the way across.

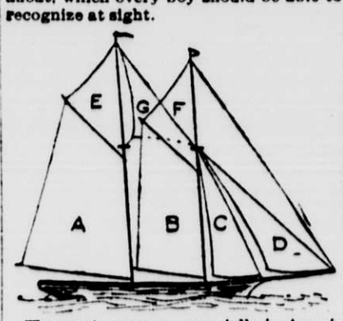
But when you get near the coasts there are always a number of curious vessels to be seen, some of them quite different from anything seen in American harbors, and it is very nice to be able to call them by their right names.

Among the most common of the small craft on the other side is a boat that the fishermen use, which is called a lugger.

A lugger is any small vessel that carries lug sails on both masts. A lug sail is bent to a yard that hangs obliquely to the mast, the bottom of the sail usually being without a boom. European fishermen are very fond of this rig.

In the French fishing boats, great numbers of which are to be seen in the English Channel, the topsail is always a lug. Here is a drawing made from a photograph of a French fishing boat leaving the harbor of Havre which shows this peculiar topsail rig.

In these days of fast steamboats the sailing vessel is rapidly disappearing but there are still several distinct types afloat, which every boy should be able to recognize at sight.

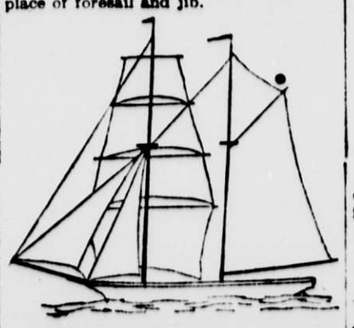


The most common, especially in American waters, is the schooner, which may have any number of masts from two to six, but they are always fore-and-aft rigged. These boats are sometimes called fore-and-afters, and by the sailors they are referred to as wind-jammers, because they can sail so close to the wind.

The ordinary two masted schooner always carries seven principal sails. Here are their names:

A. The mainsail. B Foresail. C. Fore staysail. D. Jib. E. Main gaff-topsail. F. Fore gaff-topsail. G. Main topmast staysail.

In winter most of the coasting schooners take down the foretopmast and set a single sail forward which takes the place of foresail and jib.



This is a brigantine, which is practically a schooner with square sails on the foremast. It is a rig that is seen very seldom now on account of the trouble the crew have in handling square sails

This is a brig, the favorite rig for pirates in the old story books. It is square rigged on both masts. This rig is so rare now that one might not see it in New York harbor in years.

This is a bark, which is very often confused with a ship. It always has three masts at least, but the mizzen mast carries only two sails. The lower and larger is called a spanker, and the one above it is a gaff topsail.

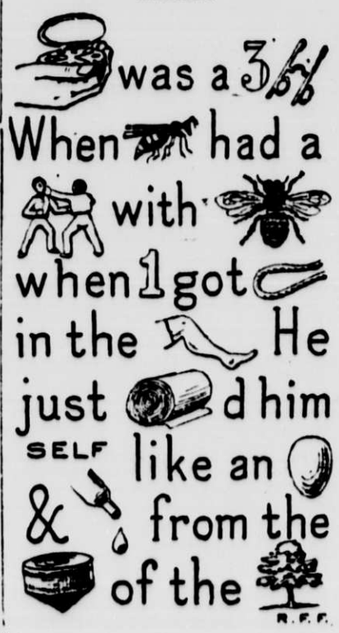
This is a ship, which is square rigged on all its masts, no matter how many it has, but it carries a spanker on its mizzenmast, just like a bark

Great Muskrat Year in Delaware.

Dover correspondence Wilmington News.

A summing up of the results of the fur season shows that more muskrat furs were secured this year by the trappers than in any previous season where an accounting could be obtained. The prices had increased from 30 cents a few years ago, to from 60 to 80 cents this year.

NONSENSE RHYMES.



THE BIGGEST BELL IN THE WORLD

The biggest bell in the world has never been rung. This bell was cast in the city of Moscow, in Russia, away back in 1733, and like all castings of great size, it was left in the earth until it should be thoroughly cooled off. When they came to examine it, they found it was cracked and of no practical use as a bell, and they left it there in the earth 103 years.

When they finally decided to dig it out, they put it on a large platform and used it as an ornament to the city, where it is known to-day as the great bell of Moscow, although the inside of it has been turned into a church.

This bell weighs 200 tons and the piece that was broken out in the casting weighed eleven tons. When you know that the bell on a railroad engine weighs only 120 pounds, you may judge of the size of the bell at Moscow, which weighs almost 4,000 times as much.

There is another great bell at Moscow, weighing 128 tons, which is the largest bell in actual use in the world.

ANSWERS TO MARCH 24 PUZZLES

The Nonsense Rhyme was crowded out last week, so there were no answers for that department, but three good readings for the week before came too late to be acknowledged, from Wade Jenkins, William E. Hart, Jr., and Anna Reardon.

Those who tried to make the feet fit the man or the sailor in the anagram had to leave out some words, or to put in one or two of their own, so those do not count. The only change made in most of the anagrams sent in was to put the man where the sailor was, but several got the idea of the draught of the boat. The following sent in good anagrams, all neatly written and using all the words:

AUNT MARY'S ANAGRAMS.

John Rensing, Mary E. Kerr, Jessie B. Bagley, Julia J. C. Ward, Thomas T. Williams, Wilton S. Hammonds, Walter G. Bradshaw, E. Roberta Bridgman, Mildred Marie Flitz, Bernice C. Heller, Julia Evelyn McDonnell, Frances Tompkins, R. Stewart McIlhone and Grace Boynton.

Only two of the youngsters got both Patsey's towns right, John Rensing and Harold Baumeister; but nine others got one or the other. They were: C. P. Marsden, Jr., E. Roberta Bridgman, Dorothy H. Rowe, Alice Babcock, Edwin J. Purcell, R. Stewart McIlhone, Agnes Martin, Gertrude Hallan and Frank S. Davis.

THE SHIP DICTIONARY.

A number who tried this got all the sails right, but many of them called the burgee a pennant. A burgee is a small flag, either pointed or swallowtail, showing the club colors, but a pennant is a long narrow strip of bunting, trailing from the masthead. When sailors on a man of war leave a foreign port for home they hoist what they call the homeward bound pennant, to which they tie straw hats, old neckties, socks and lots of funny things. This pennant is sometimes nearly long enough to reach the water.

Here are the names of those that got the sails correctly named: E. Roberta Bridgman, Winnifred Scott Walz, George B. Parker, Eugenie F. Burke, Albert F. Hodges, Mary E. Kerr, Gertrude Hallan, Jessie E. Bagley, Julia J. C. Ward, Robert Mullins, Jr., Thomas T. Williams, Frank S. Davis, Herbert D. Seward, Wilton S. Hammonds and Walter G. Bradshaw.

Seven girls! Not a bad showing for nautical knowledge. But perhaps their brothers own boats.

No Inducement.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

"This is an unusually healthy suburb," declared the real estate man.

"Then I guess we won't sign a lease," responded the lady. "My husband is a doctor, you see."

THE HORSE CHESTNUT PEOPLE

The horsechestnut people lay gasping on the bank of the brook where the little boy had thrown them after their leaf boat had overturned. When the little boy had reached out into the stream and gathered them in they had given up all hope of ever getting back to the tree.

Indeed, they thought that the boy would take them back to the house out of which they had escaped with such difficulty and after so many hardships. In this state of mind they were prepared for the worst.

The little boy after watching the spot where the frog had disappeared beneath the surface turned his attention elsewhere, and glancing up into the branches of a tree saw a squirrel sharpening his teeth on a nut.

"Aha!" thought the boy; "I'll have to see about this."

He looked around for a stone to throw at the inoffending animal, but the mossy banks yielded no ammunition. Then he bethought himself of the horsechestnut people.

"I was going to take them home with me, but I guess I can find other chestnuts," he said.

The squirrel had already taken alarm and was looking suspiciously at the boy.

With a swift motion the boy flung the little horsechestnut man first and then the woman into the branches of the tree. The squirrel disappeared in the leafy foliage. His mischief over the boy passed on down the banks of the brook.

The man and woman flew through the air with great speed, through familiar leaves and branches. Fellow horsechestnuts smiled at them as they sped past and then it dawned upon them that at last they were back among their fellow beings, back in that tree to which they had fought their way through almost insurmountable difficulties. They landed softly on a bank of moss whose tendrils folded them in as though to keep off all harm and the two little horsechestnut people were at last at rest.

THE END.

CAN YOU NAME THESE TRADES?

There is always more or less amusement, especially at a children's party, in trying to guess the answers to a series of questions that all belong to the same group. A very good game of this kind is guessing trades. The questions may be asked aloud one at a time, each child putting down its own answer on a slip of paper to see who will get the largest number right, or the questions may be written out on slips and given to each child to read over at leisure and try for the answers. This is the better way, as it gives one time to study the harder ones.

Suppose one of the questions is, What trade is it whose best work is trampled under foot? The answer is the shoemaker's.

Now let us see how many of these you can guess.

1. What trade is the sun?
2. What trade is the sun in May?
3. What trade are all the Presidents?
4. What trade is a minister at a wedding?
5. What trade should keep flies from mirrors?
6. What trade is best fitted to cook a hare?
7. What trade never turns to the left?
8. What trade deserves the gratitude of colleges?
9. What trade is more than full?
10. What trade is a theatre manager?
11. What trade should alarm pretty girls?
12. What trade are the greater part of authors?
13. Of what trade are all mankind?
14. Of what trade is every child?

Now let us see who can get the best list of answers to these, and the correct trades will be printed next Sunday.